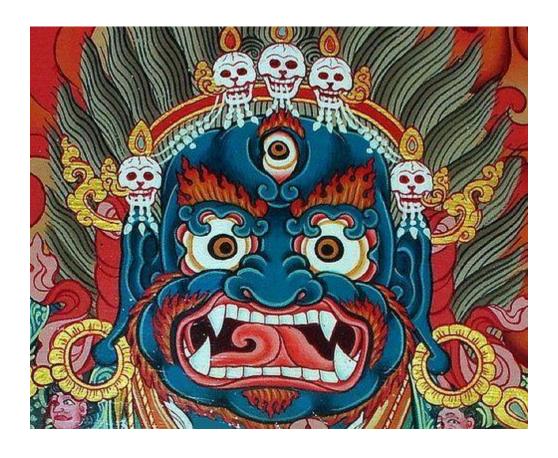
# **EVIL SPIRIT VOICES BOMBARDING MY PEACE**

(POEM)

# -by Brian Edwards



(written May, 2018)

Wake up world

There are voices

All around you

Or maybe

It's best to never know

About it

What is there to gain

**Knowing the reality** 

Can seem so insane

I just felt

One of them

Jump onto my chair

These invisible beings

Their voices seeming

To fill the air

**Acting twisted** 

**And methodical** 

Didn't you know

They want to connect with you

They want you

To let them through

Perhaps they want you

To do EVP

This can let them through

Or a Spirit Box

Or a Ouija Board

These can let them through

Or automatic writing

Or a pendulum

These to can let them through

At first

They'll seem nice to you

But then.....

The voices will come

The voices

Then the physical attacks

And the voices

All day

All night

Through and through

Once they get through

They'll really start talking

Talking and talking

Bombarding with their voices

Lies

Lies

They'll tell so many lies

Lies perfected

Like you never knew

These are the entity voices

That now got through

**Daytime** 

**Nighttime** 

Silence being blitzed

Silence being set alight

An audio plight

**Beyond imagining** 

When they get through

**EVP** voices

Like Trojan Horses

Always wanting to get through

Bringing their gifts of deception

Waiting for

The gate to be opened

A Ouija Board

**Could bring them through** 

A Spirit Box

**Could bring them through** 

**EVP** can bring them through

Voices and more voices

Like strafing war planes

Voices and more voices

**Like Zeppelins over London** 

Voices and more voices

Like ninjas over the walls

Voices and more voices

Like radio doomsday

Voices and more voices

Like Krakatoa going off

In mid-afternoon

Voices and more voices

Like shadows in rebellion

Voices and more voices

Like toxic waste

Washed up on a beach

Voices and more voices

Like solar flares

**Knocking out grids** 

Voices and more voices

Like monuments

Toppled and trampled on

Voices and more voices

Like flying saucers

**Cutting the powerlines** 

Voices and more voices

Like amphibious landing craft

**Hitting an Atoll** 

Voices and more voices

Like napalm in the Middle East

Voices and more voices

Like secret societies

**Secretly in cahoots** 

Voices and more voices

Like television fixations

At breaking point

Voices and more voices

Like steel blades

In a Thracian field

**Voices and more voices** 

Like piracy outlawed

By the Crown

Voices and more voices

Like restless nights

**Under neon hypnosis** 

Sleep deprived days

Sleep deprived nights

Look out the window

Looking for the world

**Seeing descending** 

**Beings of mystery** 

My light tonight

Is a defiant flame

Stars so far away

Unknown life forms

So very near

Truth bent like rebar

They build pillboxes

## $Too\ shoot\ voices\ at\ psychics$

Here I am

Living it One day at a time What have you found With such exploration unraveled O' theater of lies **Ouija Boards** Can bring you lies Recognize The chasm below And above **Alchemical** Reflections Spray painted on walls Ouija Boards Can bring you voices **Voices setting Invisible traps** Voices watching you

When you wouldn't

### Want them to be

Voices at three in the morning

**Opening portals** 

With machinery

Into this dimension

They want

To get through

In the middle of the night

**Invisible** eyes

Seeing through minds

**EVP** could bring them here

**Spirit Boxes** 

**Could bring them near** 

**Ouija Boards** 

Could kick in doors

Wake up world

Or go back to sleep

I'm not sure which is better

I'm not sure which to keep

With the Sun

The voices rise

With the Moon

# The voices rise When the voices rise They can overtake Your day Now that they are in

Now that they are in

Now that they are connected

Now that they

Are given access

To perceptions

With the Sun
The voices rise

With the Moon
The voices get wired in
To your fatigue

With the Sun

The voices remain

**Dimensional doors** 

**Broken** 

**Pierced** 

Hit with artillery

Scrambled with

**Audio distortion** 

With many crows
Perched on many fences
Ouija Boards
Can pierce the door
<b>EVP and Spirit Boxes</b>
Can scramble
With audio distortion
Flying under radars
That line the coast
Flying under and above
Personal beliefs
Flying all around you
So that
They're already therearound you
Voices
Telling you things
Warped
Distorted
Extorted
Exploited
Mythical
Illogical
Ruinous
Devious

Contagious
Noxious
Poisonous
Out of alignment
With all things
You thought
Were real
Taking it
To the limit
With EVP
And the door
Could fly off the hinges
So why record
In hostile territory
Why record
In barbed wire
Audio fields
Why record
When quicksand is everywhere
Why record
When spiritual madness
Comes down to us
As moonlight
Why record
When doors are often
Easily broken

Why record

When windows

Are vulnerable to the rocks

Why record

When the mind

Is not

A solid fortress

Don't record

Lest the flood gates open

And tides of voices rise

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